

We Thank the Public for Their Liberal Holiday Patronage, and Wish One and All
A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

CLINTON, THE JEWELER.

DR. BROCK, DENTIST,
Over First National Bank.
Phone 148

Mrs. W. H. Shohoney left last night for a visit with friends at Ft. Collins, Colo.

George Rennie, a senior at the state university, is spending the holiday vacation at home.

Arthur Boyd returned to town last evening and will resume work in the Wilcox Store.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Delaney will spend Christmas with relatives at Gothenburg.

Miss Alice Birge, a student at the state university, is home to spend the holiday vacation.

Mose McFarland and family left last night for Cedar Rapids, Neb., to spend Christmas with relatives.

M. B. Cryderman transacted business in Omaha several days this week, returning home this morning.

Miss Jessie Workman, who is attending business college at Hastings, is home to spend Christmas.

Mrs. E. A. Boyd went to Cozad to spend Christmas with relatives. Mr. Boyd will go down tonight.

County Commissioner Springer, of Brady, was in town Tuesday and Wednesday transacting business.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mooney left Wednesday on a ten days visit with their daughters at Shelton and Grand Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Nels Hammer and daughter have gone to Sidney to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Ed Ahrens.

The county commissioners will meet in session next Monday and close up the business of the year as far as possible.

Mrs. O. W. Sizemore and two children went to Hershey this morning, where they will spend Christmas with relatives.

Mr. and Al Tift left this morning for Omaha and from there will go to McCook to visit. They will return home via Denver.

Miss Louise Weisgerber, who had been making a protracted stay at Missoula, Mont., returned home the early part of the week.

George Brownell was called to Greeley, Col., Tuesday by a telegram announcing the serious illness of his father.

Syl Friend, who had a been night policeman, succeeds Hank Gilfoyl as chief and Jason Sawyer succeeds L. E. Hastings on the night force.

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The Indoor Picnic Club was entertained Tuesday evening by Miss May Walker. A feature of the evening was an electrically lighted Christmas tree laden with gifts for the members, and the opening of the packages and the nature of the gifts created much merriment. The usual picnic lunch, spread on the floor and surrounded by the jolly party, was served.

George M. Cohn's phenomenal musical success "Little Johnny Jones" will be presented in this city Saturday evening with all the original production and by a company numbering seventy people. No musical play produced in recent times has made such a decided impression. Its music has for a year been the most popular in America while the play itself is spoken of by the most able critics as most original and clever.

Mrs. Winget, for many years a resident of North Platte, died at the home of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. C. H. Winget, Wednesday morning at the age of seventy-three years. The husband of the deceased was killed in the local railroad yards a score or more years ago, and her son C. H. Winget, died a couple of years ago. She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. F. L. Rork, at present living in Missouri.

They were talking of criminal cases the other day when a former deputy sheriff recalled the time when Col. Bill Beatty, of Brady, had a fellow arrested for stealing a saddle which was subsequently recovered. The fellow was about to be brought into court but looked so meek that Bill's big heart went out to him, and he proposed to the fellow that if he gave him a cheap horse that he owned and had left at Beatty's, he would dismiss the case and pay the costs. Assenting to this the fellow left the country without delay. A few days later Col. Beatty discovered that the fellow had stolen the horse from a Gothenburg party, and since then his heart does not go out so strongly to those accused of theft.

Splendid Vacant Residence
Lots, improved with cement sidewalks and sewer. \$250 to \$400 per lot. For Sale by Wm. E. Shuman.

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THE MIRROR.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

Rena Teoti was to be married to Johan Tepheid. Rena was pretty as a picture and was the envy of all the girls of the village, and all the young men envied Johan his possession of her.

But on the day of the wedding as the young pair were leading a procession to the little church an officer of the law stepped up to Rena and laid a rough hand on her shoulder. She, the groom, the peasant attendant, stood aghast. But the officer, never faltering in his duty, led her away and locked her up in a cell.

Instead of becoming a bride Rena became a convict. Her lover, convinced of her guilt, turned away from her when the judge pronounced the sentence, and she went to her prison home without a word of either sympathy or reproach from him. Only her poor mother befriended her, wept over her, encouraged her.

Rena in prison fell into a stupor. She hardly knew when it was day and when it was night. She hardly thought. After awhile she began to realize her position. She raved and tried to dash out her brains against the wall of her cell. But a sudden thought came over her—a thought with which was allied a heaven born hope. Her beauty—would she destroy it? What use would it ever be to her? Then a possible future reunion with the lover who had come so near being her husband occurred to her. In ten years she would be free.

She knew that she was innocent, and she knew the girl who had committed the crime for which she was accused. But what could she, a prisoner, do to prove the real criminal? For ten years her hands would be tied. Then perhaps she could begin to weave the thread of evidence. And if she succeeded? Suppose Johan were still without a sweetheart? Ah, then she would need her beauty. She would not mar it by striking her head against the wall.

From that moment her looks were all to her. But there was no way of watching it to note if it waned. One article of toilet was denied the women prisoners, a mirror. Often they would plead with their jailers for the coveted glass, but it was never granted them. As the years passed Rena more and more longed to see a reflection of her features. She asked her fellow prisoners if her comeliness were growing less. The most kindly of them told her that she was every day more beautiful. A few inhuman beings told her she was growing homely. Which should she believe? Oh, for a bit of mirror, even the tiniest, to get one glimpse of her face!

Rena was seventeen when she was sentenced and had served nine years without ever having had that glimpse. Her hair had been cut when she entered the prison and was not long enough for her to see it. One day a hair came out in her hand. It was white. She pulled out another. It, too, was white. They were all white. A prison official came along the corridor. She stretched forth her hands and with streaming eyes implored him to bring her for just one moment a mirror. He shook his head and passed on.

The tenth year had half passed and Rena was looking forward to freedom and a possible vindication when one day an official came to her and told her that the girl who had committed the crime was dead and before her death she had confessed all to a priest. As soon as the formal legal papers could be executed the innocent one would be permitted to leave the prison.

Then came word from Johan that he had loved Rena always, though he had believed her guilty. He had tried to conquer his love, but it had grown stronger each year. He would not be free to come to her till the next day, but he would come then.

Rena dreaded the meeting. When her lover would see that her beauty had gone, that her hair was white, he would surely turn away from her. She did not ask for a mirror now; she dreaded to see what her face was like. She would wait and note by her lover's expression when he saw her whether it was pleasing or disagreeable.

The hours till he came were hours of torture. She had but little hope that any of her beauty remained and believed that her face was as wrinkled as her hair was white. But wait. She would see what it was in Johan's eyes. She sent word to him to bring a mirror when he came.

Johan was there at last. A jatter came to Rena's cell and said she was wanted. He led her to a reception room, where she stood alone. A door opened, and a man with grizzled hair and a habitual melancholy stamped on his face entered. He stopped, looked at Rena eagerly as though confused between two pictures—pictures of the then and the now. Presently a pleasurable expression began to steal over his features as a pleasing dawn rises in the sky, and, starting forward, he took her in his arms.

"My—my"—she gasped—"Is it all gone, Johan? For the love of God tell me, and tell me truly!"

"It is different, sweetheart. There is a splendid contrast of young face and snowy hair. Here, look for yourself."

He held up a mirror. Rena turned away her face.

"Don't be afraid. You will be pleased."

Rena turned and looked. For a moment she seemed stunned by her white hair, but gradually her face lighted with an expression of relief and satisfaction.

GRACE ETHEL WEEKS.

Making a Match.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

Mrs. Hunniman's hobby was match-making. When Mr. Charles Edwin Lupton took up his residence in the city of Mrs. Hunniman's home and presented a letter of introduction to her, her first thought was how to present him to society, the second how to present him with a wife. She determined to invite the social leaders to meet him at dinner and to give him for a table companion a lady, also a newcomer, in whose social preferment she took a deep interest.

Mr. Lupton was a man of forty, intellectual, good looking, well to do and of aristocratic mien. He had been abroad for some time, and Mrs. Hunniman knew nothing of his antecedents except that he was vouched for in the highest terms in his letter of introduction. But no one would mistake him for anything else than a gentleman. Miss Overlander, whom Mrs. Hunniman designed for Mr. Lupton's wife, was thirty-two years old and still a beautiful woman. But a friend of Mrs. Hunniman told some one, who told others, that Miss Overlander was not Miss Overlander at all.

When the dinner guests were assembled in the drawing room, Mrs. Hunniman took Mr. Lupton's arm and led him to the lady beside whom he was to sit at table. There was something so distinguished in both Mr. Lupton's and Miss Overlander's person and manner that the hum of conversation ceased, and all eyes were fixed upon the couple. Both bowed low, the man made some casual observation, the woman replied by an assenting nod, the guests resumed their chat, and not long afterward all passed into the dining room.

There is one thing that matchmakers who are real matchmakers never do. They carefully abstain from any word or act that will intimate their intentions to the objects of their designs. Mrs. Hunniman had thus abstained in the present case, though it had been whispered among the dinner guests that she had intentions concerning Mr. Lupton and Miss Overlander, and during the dinner the couple were the recipients of curious glances. The conversation between the two seemed at first a trifle constrained, and Mrs. Hunniman was not especially encouraged as to the matter she had in view. The lady seemed not especially attracted to her dinner companion, who showed a trifle of embarrassment consequent upon her coldness, and when shortly after the soup she entered into conversation with the gentleman sitting on her other side Mr. Lupton turned to the lady on his other side and became animated.

But at a dinner party one cannot ignore his or her dinner companion very long without being considered rude, and Mr. Lupton and Miss Overlander soon found themselves forced to entertain each other or sit in silence. The lady by this time seemed to have made up her mind to make the best of a bad bargain and ventured several remarks to the gentleman, who sat very stiffly beside her restlessly fingering the stem of his wineglass and only replied in a perfunctory manner. It became evident to several of the company who were in the secret of the hostess' matchmaking that Mr. Lupton at least was showing a sure sign of entanglement—plique. Then he made some remark in a tone too low to be heard except by Miss Overlander, whereupon she laughingly turned her back on him.

This was near the close of the dinner. When the guests were departing, Mrs. Hunniman asked Mr. Lupton how he was pleased with the lady she had assigned him for the evening. His reply was a snort and an angry turning away. As Miss Overlander came down from the ladies' cloakroom she received the same question with regard to Mr. Lupton. "Delighted," was her reply in a tone calculated to freeze the marrow in the bones of the questioner.

When the last guests were departing, Mr. Hunniman, who had gone out to put a lady in her carriage, returned, with a blank look on his face and whispered to his wife:

"My dear, what do you think?"

"What?"

"Mr. Lupton and Miss Overlander have gone in the same carriage."

"For heaven's sake! What does it mean?"

Now, the departure of the newly introduced couple was seen by two men of the party who were starting for their club. Moved by curiosity, they followed in their carriage. Two hours later they returned to the Hunniman mansion and called for the head of the house. He came down from his bedroom in pajamas.

"Hunniman," said one of the visitors, "it is our duty as your friend to warn you that you and your wife are being deceived. There's something wrong—very wrong—about Miss Overlander."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Hunniman from the landing above.

"We saw her leave your house in a carriage with Lupton. We considered it our duty to you to follow them. They drove through the park for an hour and a half, then to a hotel, where they registered as Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Lupton."

"We're ruined," cried Mrs. Hunniman from above. "I'll never hold up my head in society again."

At that moment there was a ring at the bell. Mr. Hunniman opened the door and was handed a telegram. He read aloud:

Thanks for reuniting an estranged married couple.

ABIGAIL TREAT.

THE
FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
of North Platte, Nebraska.
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY.

Capital	\$100,000.00
Surplus Fund	20,000.00
Stockholders' Liability	100,000.00
Guarantee Fund for Depositors	\$220,000.00

(Not considering quick assets and cash resources)

DIRECTORS:
E. F. Seeberger, C. F. McGrew, J. J. Halligan,
F. L. Mooney, Arthur McNamara.

Where the Shoe Pinches.

Why do you insure your house, and furniture, and stable, against fire?
Because if you don't, and they burn up, the loss will fall on you.

Why do you neglect to insure your life?
Because if you die—and you will die some day—the loss will not fall on you but on somebody else—your wife or daughter, or aged mother, or invalid sister or some other defenceless dependent.

You haven't viewed the question in this way? Then think it over, and drop a card to the undersigned.

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE UNITED STATES
"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"

PAUL MORTON, President
H. P. NEELY, Manager, Omaha, Neb.

W. H. McDonald, Local Representative,
North Platte, Nebraska.

CALL ON
Workman & Derryberry
FOR

Furniture	Hardware	Buggies
Wagons	Harness	Windmills
Tanks	Feed Grinders	Stoves
Ranges	Oil Heaters	Lincoln Paint
Varnishes	Brushes	Oil Glass Putty

Mutual Building and Loan Association
OF NORTH PLATTE, NEB.
ORGANIZED 1887.

ASSETS - - - \$289,886.05

Office 622 Dewey Street.

In order to supply funds for loan applications approved and allowed by its board of directors, this association will issue a limited amount of its paid up stock, in any amount from \$100.00 to \$5,000.00. This paid up stock draws dividends at the rate of six per cent per annum, payable March 1st and Sept. 1st of each year, and may be withdrawn any time upon thirty days' notice.

All of the assets of the association being invested in first mortgages on improved real estate in the City of North Platte and the association being operated under the supervision of the State Banking Board, there can be no safer investment.

T. C. PATTERSON, President; SAMUEL GOOZEE, Secretary.
E. S. DAVIS, Asst. Secretary.

A GIFT FROM SANTA

of a new set of single or double harness is sure to be particularly pleasing to a lover and owner of horses, especially when the harness comes from Fink's, whose name is a standard for all that is excellent in everything pertaining to horses and horse goods.

A. F. FINK.




'Twill happen again—unless you wear a pair of our water-proof shoes.
A pair is dry feet insurance—and immunity from all ailments caused by wet feet.
In every desirable last.
\$3.50 to \$7.50.
GRAHAM & CO.